Numb. 2.

# THE TATLER Revived.

By ISAAC BICKERSTAFF Esq;

*Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem*
*Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.* HOR.

*To be Continued on* MONDAYS *and* FRIDAYS.

FRIDAY, *October* 20, 1727.

IN my last Paper I gave my Readers a true and faithful Account of my wonderful Escape out of the dismal Regions of Darkness and Silence. I no sooner found myself under the happy Influence of the reviving Sun, but I immediately took to my Heels as fast as ever I was able, and after winding about thro' a long Maze of Alleys and Turnings; when I found myself almost quite spent and breathless, I at last reached the Place I had in my view, and took Sanctuary in a House in a certain Part of this Great Town, which shall be nameless, till I am assured that my old Friends the Upholders have no manner of Thoughts of sending to reclaim me. I by good fortune found the Door half open, and convey'd myself up stairs with great Secrecy, and without any other cross Accident, than that of almost frightening the Master of the House out of his Wits, who met me upon the Head of the Stairs, and I suppose concluded it must be my Apparition. He gave a most prodigious Start upon the Sight of me, and tumbling backwards over a great Threshold, which unfortunately was just behind him, would, I believe, have infallibly fallen into such a Swoon, as must have obliged me to have alarm'd the whole House, had I not very luckily spy'd a Pail of Water standing in a Corner; by the plentiful Application of which, I soon brought him back to his Senses.

AS he is my very good Friend, I had determin'd to let him absolutely into the Secret of my whole Circumstances; which I accordingly did without any loss of Time. He congratulated me very kindly upon my Return into the World, and told me, (I suppose, to make me the more easy under my long Absence from it) that I had in few Years been follow'd out of it by a great Number of my Brother Writers, whom he particularly mentioned to me. He has promised to keep my Counsel inviolably, and that no Soul but himself shall know of the Place of my Concealment, till I think I may safely venture abroad into the World again. In order to be as good as his Word, he had me immediately into his Study, and taking a Key out of his Scrutore, let me into a Room beyond it, which he says has lately, very luckily for me, got the Reputation of being haunted, amongst the Women and Children of the House; so that if I should now and then happen unwarily to tread a little too heavily in it, I shall never be in danger of being discovered by it. When he had lodged me here, he told me, with a Kindness which I shall never forget, that he would take particular care to supply me with all manner of Necessaries with his own Hand, in a way that should not be suspected. I gave him ten thousand Thanks for his great Charity and Goodness to me; and remembring my late long Confinement with the utmost Dread and Horror, desired him to supply me immediately with Pen, Ink and Paper, that I might, if possible, prevent all dan-

[Price Two-Pence.]

danger of returning to it. He fetched me them directly out of his Study, ſet them upon a little Table by the Window, and then went out again and left me; but ſoon returned with ſome Pipes and Tobacco and a Wax-Candle, a Bottle of Claret, which he aſſured me was right good, and ſome ſliced Ham, and a Couple of cold Chickens which looked moſt deliciouſly. At the ſight of this tempting Repaſt, I found my Appetites of Hunger and Thirſt very ſenſibly awakened in me, as well as my other Faculties. But as I conſider'd that the bare power of Eating and Drinking would not be taken as a proof of my being alive, the fear of being carried back into my late State of Non-exiſtence was ſo ſtrong upon me, that I deferred ſatisfying my craving Appetite, and turning about to the Table where he had placed the Pen and Ink and Paper, ſat myſelf down, and fell a writing the Account of my late happy Return into the Land of the Living; with which I have already acquainted the Publick. I was not long in finiſhing this, which my old Friend would not interrupt me in: but as ſoon as I had done, he deſired me to face about to another Table, which he had ſpread very neatly with the Proviſions he had brought me; and remember, that tho eating and drinking might not be the only, yet it certainly was a very neceſſary part of Living. I told him I was very well inclined to take his Advice, but could not venture to comply with it, till he had promiſed to convey my Paper immediately to the Printer's. He took it in his hand, and caſting his eye over it, ſaid, he would go himſelf directly with it. As he went out of the door, which he locked after him, he deſired me to be in no manner of fear, and aſſured me with a Smile, which gave me great Comfort, that I might eat and drink in great ſafety, in defiance of the Upholders and all their Company. I then fell upon what he had ſet before me, and to confeſs the truth, I am afraid at firſt devoured it with a certain Greedineſs, not very conſiſtent with the Character of a Philoſopher. However, I pretty ſoon recollected myſelf, and diſpatched the Remainder very decently, tho' not without a good ſhare of Alacrity; having betwixt whiles pretty frequent recourſe to the friendly Bottle. I then applied myſelf to a Pipe of Tobacco, which I found right *Virginia*, and ſeemed to reliſh very well; but to my ſhame be it ſpoken, had not got thro' half my Pipe, before I found a great Drowſineſs coming upon me. Whether this was occaſioned by the very great and uncommon Fatigue I had undergone by the unuſual haſte I made in my flight hither, or whether it was brought upon me by my late too greedy and plentiful Meal, I cannot ſay; but ſo it was, that my Eyes were juſt cloſing, when my Friend returned from the Errand I had ſent him. I then endeavoured to rouſe myſelf, but all in vain; which my Friend perceiving, he got my Bed ready without ſaying any thing to me; and to cut the Matter ſhort, conveyed me into it as handily as the beſt *Valet de Chambre* in *England*. He tells me, I ſoon fell into a moſt profound Sleep, which I believe continued upon me till the following Morning; for the next thing that I remember was my Friend's coming to my Bedſide, and opening my Curtains. The noiſe of this awoke me, when I found all my Faculties moſt wonderfully refreſhed and ſtrengthned; for this Sleep was of a quite different nature from the long Lethargy I had laboured under. I at preſent find myſelf ſo well, and ſo perfect in all my Senſes, that I hope I ſhall have no more occaſion to trouble my Readers with any further Account of my own private Affairs, but apply myſelf vigorouſly, without further loſs of time, to the Execution of my Office, and the Care of the Publick.

*The Letter from* Miranda *is come to hand, and ſhall be ſhortly inſerted.*

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BEING the Library of HENRY NELSON Eſq; deceas'd; late Secretary to the Right Honourable Sir ROBERT WALPOLE. Conſiſting of a Small, but very Elegant Collection of Books in all ſorts of Polite Literature; Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and Engliſh. Amongſt which, are moſt of the eminent modern Authors, well bound and gilt, many of them large Paper. Which will be ſold Cheap (the Price mark'd in each Book) this Day, at Davies's Coffee-Houſe in the Little-Piazza, Covent-Garden; where Catalogues may be had; and likewiſe at the following Coffee-Houſes, viz. Will's and Tom's, in Ruſſel-ſtreet; George's, without Temple-Bar; St. Paul's, in St. Paul's Church-Yard; Tom's, in Cornhill; Oliver's, at Weſtminſter-Hall-Gate; the Britiſh at Charing-Croſs; and White's Chocolate-Houſe in St. James's-ſtreet.

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